

THE 116316-65
Country Man's Companion:

OR, SOME
MEDITATIONS

ON

The Valuableness of a precious Soul,
how and by whom it is recover'd
from a lost and undone State, search-
ed for in holy Scriptures.

Likewise some Marks of counterfeit Grace;
with some Marks of real and saving Grace.

Lastly, Some Meditations on Death, with some As-
saults made by Death and the Devil upon a Belie-
ver when dying, with the Believer's Answers to
them, and his Victory over all Enemies at Death,
looking forward to the Resurrection.

All by way of Conference.

Composed to common Metre, for the Use of the
Country, by THOMAS DOWIE Schoolmaster at Lo-
gie in Fife, Author of a Poem on the Sufferings
of Christ, printed about Twenty Years ago.

Mark viii. 26. *For what shall it profit a Man, if he shall
gain the whole World, and lose his Soul?*

Edinburgh, Printed by Thomas Lumisden and John Ro-
bertson, for the Author. M.DCC.XLIII.

1851

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THE Author to the Reader.

DEAR Country Friend, for thee these Lines are writ;
 'Tis for thy Profit they are thus indite;
 Easy to read, also to understand
 Things of great Moment just brought to thy Hand.
 Thou hast a Soul that's precious, they thee tell;
 By thee neglected, will be cast to Hell.
 Wouldst thou it save, this Poem points the Way
 To blessed Jesus; haste, make no Delay:
 However guilty, he will thee accept,
 If thou him love, and his Commands respect.
 When thou dost read this short Account that's giv'n
 Of precious Christ his coming down from Heav'n
 In Person thee to save when thou wast lost,
 A Price of Blood and Death thou didst him cost,
 On Seas of fiercest Wrath for thee was tost. }
 O Man below'd, how stands it with thee now?
 Thou bath'd in Tears dost at his Footstool bow:
 Art thou for Christ, and Christ for thee? then sing,
 For he ere long will thee to Glory bring.
 To do and live, he doth not to thee cry;
 But live by Faith, he'll never thee deny.
 What Time thou'rt weak, he's Strength; when dark,
 he's Light;
 When weary, Rest; when blind, he'll give thee Sight;
 When hungry, Food; when thirsty, he'll supply
 Thy thirsty Soul from crystal Streams on high.
 Thou'rt Dyvour poor; great Riches are with him,
 To pay thy Debt, to free thy Soul from Sin.

14 The Author to the Reader.

Thou'rt vile and ugly, he's thy Holiness;
 When naked, clothes thee with his Righteousness;
 When thou art sick, he'll thy Physician be;
 Hopeless and helpless, then he'll comfort thee.
 Dark Mists and Fogs may cause thee go astray,
 He is thy Guide to lead thee in the Way:
 When Doubts and Fears surround on ev'ry Hand,
 Relief for thee doth instantly command.
 He is thine All, thou art at best but nought;
 His bloody Death to thee Salvation brought.
 Sure, Country Friend, thou'lt lose no more of Time
 Till thou be Christ's, and Christ be wholly thine.
 But O beware the common Marks of Grace
 Be not the Ground on which thou buildst thy Peace:
 Thou'rt here advis'd, they cannot satisfy,
 Yea, are at best but vile Hypocrisy.
 Then further read some other Marks, thou'lt find,
 If genuine, will free thee of this Blind.
 But dost thou doubt these Lines for thy Behoof?
 Berean like, the Scriptures search for Proof.
 Here last of all Death with its ghastly Face
 Stands at thy Door, to rob thee of thy Peace:
 He'll force his Way, thou canst not him withstand;
 He takes no Bribe, no Strength doth him command.
 But, O Believer, be not thou cast down;
 Death's Waggon brings thee to thy heav'nly Crown.
 Perhaps thy Cottage and thy Friends are small,
 Hard pinching Straits surrounding thee withal;
 'Twixt Fear and Hope thou many Times art tost,
 Saps the Foundation, thinking all is lost:
 This is the common Way to Saints Abode,
 Brings them to Christ, and Christ brings them to God.
 O gracious Soul, thy Light shall yet arise;
 'Tis sown for thee, Christ will not thee despise.
 What tho' thine En'mies thee surround at Death,
 And hem thee in, ev'n to thy latest Breath?
 One Look of precious Christ's majestick Face
 Will turn them off with Terror and Disgrace;

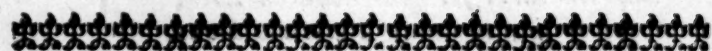
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The Author to the Reader.

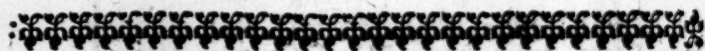
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Thy Sky will clear, thy trembling Soul shall fly
On Angels Wings to true Felicity:
Death's Iron Teeth may crush thy House of Clay,
God will restore it at the latter Day.
O dearest young Ones, who may read these Lines,
Get them by Heart, and think on them betimes:
May God them bless unto the precious Soul,
Ere strongest Lusts in your Affections roul.
They tell you sharply, Christ did die the Death,
To save your Souls from burning Flames of Wrath:
He seeks you early for your youngest Love,
Each one of you to him's a precious Dove.
In Wilderness he'll lead you by the Hand,
Through Ways unknown, straight to Emmanuel's Land.
With him in's Father's House above you'll dwell;
He gives you Heav'n, and keeps you out of Hell.
But, young Ones, mind, 'tis that you read and pray,
And early seek him, making no Delay;
Which, if you do, will make a blessed Life,
Free from much Sin, and also from much Strife:
For Sins of Youth on gray Hairs heavy ly,
As Briers and Thorns to old Age when they die.
I now have done.—But some here may condemn
This Poem, writ for th' Use of Country Men:
Say they, 'Tis flat, 'tis coarse, and ill-connected,
And perhaps worse, it ought to be rejected.
Friend, thy Advice to it was never sought;
Now, when 'tis giv'n, thy Labour is for naught.
Variety of Poems thou mayst find
Among the Learned, suited to thy Mind:
My Country Man no good of them can make;
With lofty Flight, Farewel of him they take.
Which makes him prize this Poem in his Hand,
Since he can read it, also understand.
The Honey Bee from coarsest Flow'rs in Field
More Honey brings than Garden-flow'rs can yield.
Here is proclaim'd to ev'ry mortal Face
Thy Fate and mine, with all of Adam's Race.

Left



***L**EST the ordinary Readers mistake
or misapply any Part of this
Poem, they are advertised that the
Names of the Speakers are immediate-
ly prefix'd to the Verse where they begin.*



THE
Country Man's Companion.

The Body.

- 1 **O** Blessed Life, where Gospel-light
doth shine in brightest Rays !
The richest Treasures of Heav'n's Grace
JEHOVAH thus displays.
- 2 Blest Immortality and Life
in Gospel-terms proclaim'd :
The Guests call'd to embrace the same,
the Blind, the Halt, the Maim'd.
- 3 Then, O my Soul, arise, we'll go
to Jesus Son of God ;
For we're brought low, our Glory's gone,
our Name is *Ichabod*.
- 4 Yet he our Breaches will repair,
fall'n Tabernacles rear ;
His Father's Secrets he'll reveal
to them that do him fear.
- 5 Why wander we in Wilderness,
in fruitless, pathless Ways ?
Why linger we in *Kedar's* Tents,
by Stops and sad Delays ?
- 6 We'll run our Race, we will go on
in Strength of God the Lord,
While in this House of Pilgrimage
he'll Strength to us afford.
- 7 That we may prosper in our Way,
'tis needful that we know
Each other, as endearing Friends,
while wandering here below :

8 Then

8 Then, O my Soul, I do thee ask,
 from whence, and who thou art?
 How thus unite, that unto me
 such Light thou dost impart?
 9 I do believe, that, wert thou gone.
 I soon dissolv'd to Clay
 Would be, and laid in Death's cold Bed
 until the Judgment-day:

The Soul.

10 My dearest Friend, I do rejoice
 that thou'rt so well dispos'd
 To search for Things of great Concern
 before thine Eyes be clos'd.
 11 Our Friendship more and more must grow
 while I abide with thee ;
 And, when I'm gone, the darksome Grave
 thy Bed of Rest must be.
 12 What thou dost ask, for me's too hard,
 of too sublime a Nature
 To be found out, while on this Earth,
 by any mortal Creature :
 13 For to be wise above what's writ,
 most dangerous doth prove ;
 An Over-search in hidden Things
 no Doubts can e'er remove.
 14 I am from Heav'n giv'n unto thee,
 a Ray, a Beam of Light,
 A Substance immaterial,
 not seen by human Sight.
 15 Most curiously thus join'd we are,
 most wonderfully made
 By Trinity of Persons ; they
 unite in one Godhead.
 16 Thou shalt be satisfy'd at length
 what now thou dost demand,
 When thou and I shall safe be brought
 into my native Land.

The Body.

- 17 My noble Friend, what thou suggests
doth Comfort to me give ;
My Heart is ty'd to thee in Love
while with me thou dost live.
- 18 Thou'rt precious far above my Thoughts;
when search'd, what can there be
Of God's Creation he hath made
found equal unto thee ?
- 19 The Heaven's and Earth, consolidate
to pure and massy Gold,
As Ransom would rejected be,
tho' artfully down-told.
- 20 All Pearls, Gems and precious Stones,
the Things Men most esteem,
All Kingdoms, Crowns and Victories
could never thee redeem.
- 21 That thy Redemption precious is,
Angels and Men may see ;
And, if Redemption thou dost find,
its Price must precious be.
- 22 Most glorious Things are said of him
who did this Price lay down :
Him worship rev'rently, he will
thine Head with Glory crown.
- 23 O search the Scriptures ; these are they
that testify of him,
How and for whom himself he gave
a Sacrifice for Sin.
- 24 When *Adam* first, our fed'ral Head,
brake o'er JEHOVAH's Hedges
(Reveal'd to us, but hidden from
the antient learned Sages)
- 25 He forfeit Life and Liberty
in Paradise below :
The heav'nly Hosts, surpris'd, did wait
to see the fatal Blow.

26 God willing more abundantly
to show his sov'reign Grace,
Made Search for a Deliverer
for lapsed *Adam's* Race.

God the Father.

27 The Question put, Where shall be found
one meet to undertake
The Weight of this Redemption-work,
Man's Peace again to make ?
28 Will Angels, Men, will all my Works
my Justice satisfy,
My broken violated Law
repair, if they shall die ?

The Body.

29 These awful Words struck highest Ranks
of Heaven's angelick Tribes;
Offended Justice and the Law
unsatisfy'd abides.
30 Lost trembling Man stands at the Bar
to hear his Destiny,
A dreadful Doom, unbounded Wrath
through all Eternity.
31 In this Extremity and Pinch,
when Hopes were cleanly gone,
Th' immortal King's Eternal Son
stood forth before the Throne.

God the Father.

32 My well-beloved Son, what is
the Work thou dost incline ?
Ask of me, thy Requests I'll grant ;
all I possess is thine.
33 Mine Equal from Eternity,
my Throne is thine by Right ;
With highest Glories thou shalt shine
in Majesty most bright.

- 34 I searched Heav'n and Earth ; but, lo,
no Surety can be found
To bring Relief for sinking Man,
in Satan's Fetters bound.
- 35 Infernal Furies leap and dance,
in seeing Pleasure take
The Master-piece of all our Works
thrust to their burning Lake.
- 36 But thou'rt the Man of my Right-hand ;
I will thee dignify,
A select Number to redeem
from all Iniquity.
- 37 Thy Intercession shall be heard,
thy Pleading ease their Pain :
Wilt thou their Ransom pay, and bring
lost Man to Court again ?

God the Son.

- 38 O heav'nly Father, here am I ;
recorded 'tis of me
In Heav'n's Antiquities of old,
thy Servant, Lord, I'll be.
- 39 In Cov'nant of Redemption thou
to me thine Elect gave :
As Surety for them here I stand,
from Vengeance I'll them save.
- 40 Flesh of their Flesh, Bone of their Bone,
a Body's giv'n to me :
My Godhead with that Robe I'll clothe
that is prepar'd by thee.
- 41 Strike, Justice : Stay thy wrathful Hand,
O Law, let Captives go ;
As Ram in Thicket caught, I'll bear
their Misery and Wo.
- 42 Now, Father, farewell for a Time ;
thy Bosom I will leave,
And all the Honours as thy Son
by Heav'n I did receive,

- 43 In Person to yon distant Land
I gladly will go down ;
My Undertakings thou'lt at length
with glorious Success crown.
- 44 My Life I willingly lay down,
no Man it takes from me ;
I've Pow'r to take it up again,
when satisfy'd shall be
- 45 My Father's Justice and the Law :
In Sinners Room I stood ;
Each Farthing of their Debt I'll pay
with Garments roll'd in Blood.
- 46 As Captain of Salvation, I
fierce Devils, Earth and Hell,
As mortal Foes to precious Souls,
by Force I will repell.
- 47 My Love, that stronger is than Death,
no Vent till now could have :
Heav'n, Earth and Hell shall fully know
my Love shall Sinners save.
- 48 All Hardships I can undergo
bring no uncertain Ty ;
I foresaw this Redemption-work
from vast Eternity.

The Body.

- 49 O noble News ! for sinful Man
a Gospel-promise made,
The Woman's Seed triumphantly
shall bruise the Serpent's Head.
- 50 Dark Shades of Silence quickly fled
from ev'ry Thought above :
With Admiration they behold
God's free redeeming Love,
- 51 In sending forth his only Son
a Ransomer for Men :
The Steps of this Transaction were
most awful and solemn.

- 52 O blessed Project, brings lost Souls
to Heav'n for their Abode!
None else could do this mighty Work
but an incarnate God.
- 53 This Mystery of Godliness
Angels desire to know,
God manifested in the Flesh
to Sons of Men below.
- 54 An Angel did declare his Birth
to Shepherds in the Field;
A Child is born, a Son is giv'n
for *Isra'l's* Strength and Shield.
- 55 By *John* at *Jordan* he's baptiz'd:
From highest Heav'ns above
The Spirit did descend on him
in Likeness of a Dove.
- 56 Immediately the heav'nly Hosts
sing Praises unto God;
Peace, Good-will towards Men on Earth,
is published abroad.
- 57 To *Tabor* Mount, as is suppos'd,
he went apart to pray;
Took *Peter*, *James* and *John* with him,
to witness that Display
- 58 Of his Transfiguration:
his Raiment shone so bright,
All earthly Glories standing by
would shrinkt to darksom Night,
- 59 From Heav'n *Elias* was with him,
and *Moses* from the Dead,
With profound Rev'rence him ador'd,
their only Lord and Head.
- 60 He talk'd with them of his Decease
(while's Countenance did shine)
T' accomplish at *Jerusalem*
did earnestly incline.
- 61 A Cloud most bright o'ershadow'd them;
th' Apostles woke with Fear:

A Voice came from that Cloud, which said,
This is my Son, him hear.

62 For glorious Purposes and Ends
this Vision was appointed,

To prove the Son of Man Divine,
and of his God anointed

63 To all his mediatory Work :

Did *Moses* Laws approve ;
The vile Objections of his Foes
he wholly did remove.

64 To strengthen his Disciples for
hard Trials now at hand,
The Vision close till he should rise
from Death did them command.

65 To Garden at *Gethsemane*
let Scripture guide us right,
Where dismal Clouds of blackest Wrath
o'ershad the Lord of Light.

66 Exceeding sorrowful to Death
he in that Garden lies :

From Flood-gates of God's fiercest Wrath
most dreadful Flashes flies.

67 Like Water pour'd into his Soul,
his Father's Presence gone,
The Wine-press of his Father's Wrath
he trode himself alone.

68 In bitter Agony he prays,
O Father, unto thee

All Things are possible ; let pass
this Cup of Wrath from me.

69 Nevertheless thy Will be done ;
each Drop of Divine Wrath

Fall on me, for thine Elects Sake
I'll suffer ev'n to Death.

70 While in his bloody Agony,
an Angel him comforted :

When Human Nature's almost spent,
the Divine him supported.

- 71 The Traitor *Judas* him betray'd ;
vile Miscreants him led
Before the *Jewish* Sanhedrim,
while his Disciples fled.
- 72 They him arraign, judge, and condemn
a cursed Death to die:
He with Transgressors numbred was,
for Man's Iniquity.
- 73 Forthwith they drag him to the Cross:
Inhumanely he's us'd ;
With Spirs and Stripes, and prickling Thorns,
most shamefully abus'd.
- 74 They nail'd him to the cursed Tree,
such Treatment they thought meet :
Now is fulfill'd what's wrote of him,
They pierc'd my Hands and Feet.
- 75 God's Justice, in the Elect's Room,
fast Hold of him did take ;
Which made him cry, My God, my God,
why dost thou me forsake ?

God the Father.

- 76 My dearest Son, thy piercing Cries
mount up before my Throne :
Wouldst thou the Bargain quit, and let
this hopeful Work be gone ?

God the Son.

- 77 No, no, my God, I'll do thy Will:
but Soul and Body spent,
Thy wonted Presence now withheld,
draws from me this Complaint.
- 78 As Surety for thine elect Ones,
I'm sharply made to smart:
As Wax by Fire, within my Bow'ls
so melted is my Heart.
- 79 Through Seas of Blood and Wrath I swim,
Hell's Furies me surround,

- By wicked Hands I'm put to Death ;
 my Sorrows do abound.
- 80 Some standing here, with melting Hearts
 behold me in Disgrace ;
 With weeping Eyes this bloody Scene
 mourn over in this Place.
- 81 But, Brethren, be not sore cast down,
 ye shall sustain no Loss ;
 Your Sins and your Transgressions I
 will nail unto this Cross.
- 82 That here I suffer, bleed and die,
 it is fulfill'd must be
 What *Moses*, Prophets and the Psalms
 do bear Record of me.
- 83 Mine Agonies make Chauls dry ;
 through Shades of second Death
 A Way of Flight for ransom'd Souls
 from sin-revenging Wrath.
- 84 You and your Brethren may endure
 great Hardships, Wrath and Strife :
 Rejoice of this, your Names are in
 my Father's Book of Life.
- 85 Waters may drown, the Fire may burn,
 the Gibbets may be full
 With precious Bodies of my Saints,
 when at their En'mies Will :
- 86 But not one Drop of Divine Wrath
 shall in your Cup be found,
 In darkest Nights, in saddest Days
 of treading to the Ground.
- 87 My Saints and Martyrs shall rejoice
 when mounting to their Crown
 Through Flames of Fire, while Enemies
 in Floods of Sorrows drown.
- 88 Mine Eye shall guide, my Hand will lead
 the Stagg'ring and the Weak :
 My doubting and discourag'd Friends
 I never will forsake.

89 One Step I further yet do make,
three Days in Grave to ly:

I'll conquer Death, and by my Pow'r
will rise victoriously.

90 O Father, this Redemption-work
is wholly finished;

In witness of which precious Truth,
I dying, bow the Head.

The Body.

91 Mount Calvary, since God did lay
the first Foundation-stone,

Ne'er bore such Weight as when to it
they nail'd his only Son.

92 A distant Hearthen at that Time
surprisingly forth cries,

That Nature was to be dissolv'd,
else God of Nature dies.

93 But unrelenting Jewish Priests
on better Grounds might see,

Than Nature quite gone out of Course,
that this was only He,

94 Ev'n our Messiah, sent from Heav'n
just at the Time appointed:

These learned Rabbies gainst themselves
rejected God's Anointed.

95 His Constancy of holy Life,
while he with them abode,

The Miracles and Wonders which
were wrought by him as God,

96 His Innocence that did appear
when at a Heathen's Bar;

His Words, when first and last they try'd,
in them could find no Jar.

97 When under's Suff'rings, Rocks did rive,
the Temple's Vail was rent,

Graves opened, Saints Bodies rose
to t'holy City went:

98 These

- 98 These few with many blessed Trutlis,
 still standing on Record,
 Do fully prove against the *Jews*
 he was both Christ and Lord.
- 99 Had he appear'd in earthly Pomp
 with splendid Retinue,
 To free them from the *Romish* Yoke,
 they'd at his Footstool bow.
- 100 But precious Christ when crucify'd,
 ev'n God's most holy One,
 Unto the *Greeks* was Foolishness,
 to *Jews* a stumbling Stone :
- 101 But unto all who do believe,
 both *Jews* and *Greeks* that's call'd,
 The Pow'r and Wisdom he's of God,
 relieving the Inthrall'd.
- 102 O most stupend'ous Wickedness !
 the hardned *Jews* go on
 To hinder, were it in their Pow'r,
 his Resurrection,
- 103 By sealing up his sacred Tomb :
 but, ere the Morning-light,
 An Angel rolled back the Stone,
 in Garments shining bright.
- 104 (O Death, what mightst thou think, when Life
 of Lives lay in thy Den,
 By dying broke thy Gates and Bars,
 choos'd Death, gave Life to Men !
- 105 Because of Sin thou first wast brought
 as Victor on this Stage :
 Thine Empire universal is,
 thy Reign from Age to Age.
- 106 Proud of thy Titles, thou triumphs ;
 no Flesh before thee stand :
 From Throne to Beggar on Dunghil,
 all yield at thy Command.
- 107 But sure thy ghastly Visage blush'd
 when our immortal King
 Thee conquer'd, that thy Stings and Darts
 no Harm to Saints can bring.)

- 108 That blessed Jesus was alive,
two Angels so declare
To *Mary* and the other Friends
that to his Grave repair.
- 109 Things strange and wonderful they saw,
the Lord to *Mary* spake
With Pow'r: She knew him; he desir'd
they quickly would turn back,
- 110 And tell his Brethren that they go
to *Galilee*, where he
Would go before, as he had said,
and there they should him see.
- 111 As yet not knowing Scripture-truths,
those Sayings seem'd at best
To them as idle Tales, while they
with Grief were sore oppress'd.
- 112 But in the Ev'ning of that Day
he from the Dead did rise,
When they assembled privately,
he did them all surprize.
- 113 He standing in the Midst, did say,
My Peace to you I give.
He shew'd to them his Hands and Side,
that so they might believe.
- 114 By many Proofs infallible
found him alive to be:
After his Passion, Forty Days
they often did him see.
- 115 Much of that Time convers'd with them
of Things pertain'd to God:
He promised the Holy Ghost
shed in their Hearts abroad.
- 116 As forth he from the Father came,
so forth he doth them send,
As Witnesses of all his Works
even to the World's End.
- 117 He brought them to Mount *Olivet*,
nigh to *Jerusalem*:

While talking of most glorious Things,
he's taken up from them.

118 Two Angels like to Men stood by,
in white Apparel clad:

While he receiv'd was in a Cloud,
they breaking Silence, said,

119 Ye Men of Galilee, why stand
ye gazing into Heav'n?

This Jesus, whom you see ascend,
to him all pow'r is giv'n:

120 And in like Manner he shall come
to judge the Quick and Dead.

He drank the Brook ran in the Way,
so now he lifts the Head.

121 This Cloud his royal Chariot was,
through airy Regions gone

In Triumph to the highest Heav'ns,
to his imperial Throne.

122 Thousands of Angels did attend
this Conqueror on his,

Though not for Support, yet for State
with great Solemnitie.

123 May we imagine rev'rently
his Welcome by his God

To th' antient Honours he possess'd
ere he on Earth abode?

God the Father.

124 My First-begotten from the Dead,
Prince of all earthly Kings,

The Trophies of thy Victory
to Saints Salvation brings.

125 The boundless Suff'rings thou endur'd,
thy glorious Ascension,

Fills Heav'n and Earth with Wonder at
such full compleat Redemption.

126 My Law fulfill'd in ev'ry Point,
my Justice satisfy'd;

The

- The exil'd Captives must go free,
they shall be glorify'd.
- 127 My Mercy and my-Faithfulness
from Dangers shall them shade;
The Graces of my Spirit shall
their doubting Hearts make glad.
- 128 Thou dost ascend as Advocate
unto thy Throne of Grace
On my Right-hand, for precious Souls
redeem'd of *Adam's* Race.
- 129 That Body, once nail'd to the Cross,
with brightest Beauty shine ;
That Soul, that swam through Seas of Wrath,
is perfectly Divine.
- 130 A Person glorious thou art,
a Saviour compleat,
Through whom it is I pleasantly
with sinful Man do meet.
- 131 The Fulness of the Godhead in
thee bodily doth dwell:
For Meekness, Truth and Righteousness,
thou Heav'n and Earth excel.
- 132 The Angels Head, the King of Saints
in this my upper Story,
That noble Plant of great Renown,
the Brightness of my Glory.
- 133 O all my Angels, worship him ;
ye Saints, his Name adore,
From Death to an immortal Life
by Death doth you restore.
- 134 For you a Kingdom is prepar'd,
endure for ay it shall:
Your King God equal is with me,
he filleth all in all.
- 135 Your Fellow-brethren, once brought home,
shall join with one Accord
This Song to sing in highest Strains
unto your highest Lord ;

- 136 Evn, Unto him that loved us,
and wash'd us in his Blood
From all our Sins, and made us Kings
and Priests unto our God,
137 All Strength, Dominion, Pow'r and Praise
to his thrice worthy Name,
Who was the First, and is the Last :
Amen, yea, and Amen.
138 Worthy is the Lamb that was slain,
of Hallelujahs hie
By Saints and Angels evermore,
ev'n to Eternitie.

God the Son.

- 139 O Heav'nly Father, I return
unto that Glory I
Had with thee ere the World was form'd,
from all Eternity.
140 I glorify'd thy Name on Earth ;
me glorify in Heav'n
With all the Glories of thy House
of old to me was giv'n.
141 Thy Name I manifested to
the Men thou gavest me :
They do believe thou didst me send ;
thy Truth them sanctifie.
142 I no more am with them on Earth,
they're yet in Wilderness :
Keep through thy Name ; I will them clothe
with my own Righteousness.
143 Send forth thy Spirit as their Guide,
that they may seek thy Face ;
Thy Pasture-Sheep, so let them feed
in verdant Fields of Grace.
144 Nor do I pray for these alone,
but all who shall believe
On me for everlasting Life ;
thy Word shall them revive.

- 145 I will, O righteous Father, all
those thou hast giv'n to me
Be with me where I am, that they
may all my Glory see.
- 146 I vanquish'd all their Enemies
when I in Battle stood,
Most glorious Conquests made for them
with Garments dipt in Blood.
- 147 For them a Cov'nant is prepar'd
that's vastly full of Grace,
A Crown, a Kingdom, Light and Life,
with thy abundant Peace.
- 148 Ye Angels, Ministers of State
that do surround my Throne,
New Embassies of Honour I
will give you ev'ry one;
- 149 To minister unto my Saints
into yon distant Land
In all their Straits, most quickly fly
what Time I you command.
- 150 And when, O holy Father, all
thine Elect are brought in,
I will go down with mighty Pow'r
to put an End to Sin.
- 151 A great white Throne thou shalt erect
into the Clouds, where I
Shall sit to judge the Quick and Dead
in Truth and Equity.
- 152 By Trumpet thou shalt raise the Dead,
Angels them gather shall;
When Hell and Death, and Seas shall give
them up both great and small.
- 153 From Books of Conscience and of Life
in holy Scriptures writ,
Just Sentences to ev'ry one
shall from my Throne indite.
- 154 And then I will deliver up
the Kingdom unto thee,

Thine

Thine Elect wholly shall present
from Spot and Wrinkle free.

155 The Elements with fervent Heat
shall melt by Brimstone Flashes ;

By Conflagration all the Earth
shall be reduc'd to Ashes.

156 While in thy Royal Palaces
the Righteous shall dwell,

The Wicked and Ungodly shall
be turned into Hell.

The Body.

157 Thus, O my Soul, as we propos'd
have made some little Search

In sacred Truths for precious Christ,
who doth us Wisdom teach.

158 I do rejoice that thou and I
harmoniously went on

This bless'd Messiah to find out ;
my Heart to him is gone.

159 I think I find more Light and Life
than e'er I had before :

I live in Hope that I at length
shall come at lasting Glorie.

160 The Round of Duties I perform,
God's holy Sabbaths love,

In's Ordinances I delight ;
warm Sermons much me move.

161 The Widow and the Fatherless
I ever do regard ;

The Poor, that run from Door to Door,
have of my Morsel shar'd.

162 God's holy Law my Rule shall be
while I'm upon this Earth ;

All Christian Duties I'll observe
ev'n to my latest Breath.

The Soul.

163 My dearest Friend, thy Boasting stay;
sit down and count the Cost:

Some promis'd once as fair as thee,
that's now for ever lost.

164 Next unto God, there's none that knows
thine Ups and Downs as I;

All thou hast said appears at best
painted Hypocrisy.

165 Didst ever thou thy nat'ral State
lament in bitter Tears?

Doth guilty Conscience thee pursue
with tor'tring Doubts and Fears?

166 The Seed of all flagitious Crimes
is in thy Nature lodg'd,

And by it thou and I much worse
than Galley-slaves are drudg'd.

167 Like precious Liquor treasur'd up
in tainted Vessel, I

Was giv'n to thee, and now do share
of all thy Misery.

168 The holy Psalmist, *Heman, Job,*
their Wrestlings had at best;

Thou less or more such Work mayst find
ere thou come at their Rest.

169 A slighted Christ, rejected Grace,
may Ground of Humbling be,

And quenching of the Holy Ghost
Times numberless by thee.

170 How often hast thou gone to God
stark dead like those in Grave,

As to that sp'ritual Light and Life
from Death that Sinners save?

171 A lively Preacher may thee move,
and thy Affections warm,

While Fondlings and beloved Lusts
within thy Bowels swarm.

- 172 When Rods from God did make thee grone,
 thou liftedst up the Hand ;
 But, when recover'd, thou forgotst
 thy Vows like Heaps of Sand.
- 173 When thou dost tread the Courts of God
 to hear his Word of Grace,
 Thy wanton Eye, thy wandring Heart
 drives thee from Place to Place.
- 174 Thou frequently hast made Approach
 to God's most holy Table
 Not in due Order ; so thy Heart
 as Water was unstable.
- 175 While under's Shadow Friends did sit
 with great Delight to feast ;
 That cutting Challenge was thy Due,
 Thou'rt an unwelcome Guest.
- 176 Like to the Dromedary wild
 thou dost traverse abroad,
 Forgetst thy Duty to thy Friend,
 thy Neighbour, and thy God.
- 177 By spending Time on Men and Things
 round thee in ev'ry Place,
 Neglects thy great Concerns at home,
 which greatly mars thy Peace.
- 178 But wouldst thou be a Saint indeed,
 then live a Life Divine
 By Faith upon the Son of God ;
 so make thy Light to shine.
- 179 As Prophet, Priest and King, is he
 the Darling of thine Eyes ?
 All earthly Things in Balance laid,
 dost thou as Dust despise ?
- 180 What dost thou think of's Royal Law ?
 doth it thee bring to him,
 In brightest Light to let thee see
 the Sinfulness of Sin ?
- 181 The purchas'd Spirit of his Grace
 doth he thee all renew,

Thy stubborn and rebellious Will
most tamely make to bow ?

182 The Galleries of strengthening Grace,
doth he there with thee tryft ?

Dost thou by precious Faith him find
to thee a precious Christ ?

183 Dost thou him love when with the Cross,
as well as with the Crown ?

In him thy Int'rest to make sure
before thy Sun go down ?

184 How stands thy Heart affected to
his Ministers and Saints ?

Dost thou with them sweet Counsel take
in all thy Straits and Wants ?

185 Wilt thou thy Face with Courage set
against all Storms that blow ;

Cast cursed Self behind thy back,
that thou in Grace may grow ?

186 In secret Places dost thou weep
ev'n for thine Enemies ?

Good Offices do unto them
that daily thee despise ?

187 If thou in these Things dost abound
through Christ thy Lord and Head,

God's Holy Spirit in his Word
calls thee a Saint indeed.

188 Love and Relation unto thee
the Reason is that I

Urge utmost Diligence that we
from Sin and Wrath may fly.

The Body.

189 My heav'nly Guest, my precious Soul,
thou art my better Part ;

For humbling me, thou dost reveal
the Secrets of my Heart.

190 These Things thou dost against me charge,
most certain Truths they be;

If one good Thought could purchase Heav'n,
it can't be found in me.

191 My corrupt Nature's vile indeed;
but thou points out Relief,

In blessed Jesus to be found,
to ease my smarting Grief.

192 My sweet Companion all the Day,
and in the darksom Night;

While I'm in Shades of Silence wrapt,
thou'rt as a Lamp of Light.

193 Thy Counsel I'm resolv'd to take;
by Grace we will go on,

And never rest till we make sure
that great Salvation.

194 Our Sun draws nigh the Mountains Tops,
lost Time oppress me sore;

We must go hence, and not return
till Heav'n's shall be no more.

195 'Tis Time we often meditate
upon that parting Pull:

Once Death through Christ become our Friend,
our Comfort shall be full.

196 Some Men inspir'd, from Depth of Thought
significantly stile

Death, King of Terrors to all Flesh
in Earth, on Seas and Isles.

197 'Tis possible for to decline
the Sword's devouring Edge,

To stop the Lions Jaws, to quench
the Fire's destructive Rage:

198 But merciless and cruel Death,
its poison'd Arrows fly,

With Success strike all Mortals down,
in Dust of Death to ly.

199 It flies through Bulwarks deepest Walls,
and most prodigious Tow'rs;

Reigns in the Palaces of Kings,
and all our Country Bow'rs,

- 200 Not one a Moment can retard
this frightful Enemy;
Through hardest Breast-plates strikes proud Hearts
in Twinkling of an Eye.
- 201 Wherever we do set our Eyes,
there Death with Courage stands:
Nature and Art cannot protect
from its most cruel Hands.
- 202 It disregards young Infants Tears,
disdains their Mother's Cries,
From Breasts them crusheth unto Death
before their weeping Eyes.
- 203 The Beauties that's most ravishing,
it mars by pining Strokes;
The gray Heads throws flat to the Ground,
like unto wither'd Oaks.
- 204 Princes that's Prisoners of War,
they better treated be
Than common Soldiers, till they
obtain their Libertie:
- 205 But Death, audaciously, alike
doth treat the Prince and Slave,
The Noble and the Vassal he
doth both of Life bereave.
- 206 Bright shining Lights, most lothsom Lamps,
doth equally put out,
Triumphing *Cesars*, *Samsons* strong
most dreadfully doth rour.
- 207 It heaps them altogether in
a Dungeon dark of Death,
Brays them to Powder, and deprives
all living of their Breath.
- 208 The most inhumane Minds at last
of bloody Conquests tire;
But ev'ry Hour and Moment Death
to conquer hath Desire.
- 209 The Flesh of all the Animals
that ever liv'd and dy'd,

They

- They could not glut this Monster's Gorge
or make him satisfy'd.
- 210 Wars are uncertain ; he that wins
the Victory To-day,
Soon after may be put to Flight,
his En'mies may him slay :
- 211 But Death always victorious is ;
unto its ugly Den
Never returns but loaded with
great Spoils and Blood of Men.
- 212 The Heroes once that conquered
the most of the known Earth,
They could not find by any Art
to shun this Victor, Death.
- 213 Statues magnificently built,
and stately Trophies rais'd
Unto their Honour, Death but laugh
when he their Persons seiz'd.
- 214 Their lofty Titles that's ingrav'n
on richest Marble-stones,
They cover nothing under them
but rotten Flesh and Bones.
- 215 Then what's the Strength and Glory of
their Pomp and Dignity ?
As Smoke is driven by the Wind,
away they quickly fly.
- 216 Man, proud of Honour here below,
doth in his Riches trust :
Death smites him in the earthy Part,
he's turn'd to lothsom Dust.
- 217 Now since that Death impartial is,
none can resist his Pow'r,
No Wonder Christless Souls despair
at Death's most dismal Hour.
- 218 Poor Criminals, condemn'd to Death,
do tremble when they see
A Scaffold fix'd, where for their Crimes
they instantly must die.

- 219 *Belshazzar* saw on's Palace-walls
 a Writing vex'd his Head,
 Thy Kingdom from thee shall depart
 to *Persia* and *Mede*;
- 220 At which his Countenance was chang'd,
 his Knees 'gainst other smote,
 While *Daniel* did thus explain
 the Things that there were wrote.
- 221 Then certainly, proud worldly Wretch,
 whose Treasure is thy god;
 Much more dismay'd may be when Death
 drives thee from thine Abode.
- 222 That God hath numbered thy Days,
 Death writes into thy Sight:
 Thy present Day is followed
 by an eternal Night.
- 223 In Justice' Balance thou art weigh'd,
 found light like to the Wind;
 Thy Judge hath giv'n thee up to Death,
 who will to Dust thee grind.
- 224 O wretched Sinner, thou mayst find
 Death's Sentence in thy Breast;
 Thy great exasperated God
 cries, Death must thee arrest.
- 225 Thou mayst perceive Hell now prepar'd
 thee ready to embrace,
 With fiery Chains thee fast to bind
 in that most dreadful Place;
- 226 Likewise the fierce Approaches of
 these fiery Brimstone-flashes,
 Which in thy Conscience evermore
 shall make most dreadful Gashes.
- 227 O wretched Man, a little hence
 against thee forth shall come
 The Sentence of eternal Death,
 which is thy final Doom.
- 228 There, Days and Years like to the Sand,
 or as the Ocean Drops;

- Yet still 'tis Wrath on thee to come,
 which twins thee and thy Hopes.
 229 But, Sinner, God doth yet thee call,
 still on a Throne of Grace;
 If thou a Penitent return,
 he'll give thee Life and Peace.
 230 For chief of Sinners he did send
 his Christ a Sacrifice:
 Lose no more of thy precious Time,
 God's Gift do not despise.
 231 Wert thou a *Mary Magdalene*,
 or a *Manasseh* vile,
 Yield thou thyself, he will thee free
 from Sin and Death's Exile.
 232 But wilt thou die, then blame thyself,
 he Life doth offer thee;
 If thou accept, he will thee cleanse
 from all Iniquitie.
 233 O do not doubt his Willingness,
 nor his almighty Pow'r:
 Believe on him, he'll free thee from
 that threatned dismal Hour. (*ver. 227*)
 234 Thy Scarlet Crimson-colour'd Sins
 he'll make like Wool and Snow;
 Nothing betwixt thee is and Heav'n
 but thy Consent to go.
 235 O quickly give it; then rejoice,
 thy Work is now begun:
 The two Extremes thou next dost read
 be sure thou do them shun.
 236 Heav'n stands not just at the next Door;
 the Graces of the Spirit
 Cannot be had by Idleness,
 Sloth doth not Life inherit:
 237 The strictest Life of Holiness,
 pursu'd both Night and Day,
 Can never bring to heav'nly Rest,
 while Self doth bear the Sway.

238 These two Extremes do many Souls
 into Perdition drown ;
 While Saints through Christ, the middle Way,
 haste to their glorious Crown.

The Believer.

239 A Soul renew'd by saving Grace
 with holy Breathings cries,
 Most precious Christ is mine ; all Things
 beside are Vanities.
 240 I see a Loveliness in him,
 why he's to be desir'd :
 My Heart, and all that in me is,
 with Love to him's inspir'd.
 241 O gloomy Earth, and Shades of Time,
 when will you all be gone,
 Both Sin and Death turn'd out of Way,
 to let me to my Throne ?

Death's Challenge to a Believer.

242 Who'rt thou dost thus so vainly boast,
 whose Dwelling's in the Dust,
 And thy Foundation in the Earth ?
 before the Moth thou'rt crush'd.
 243 Tho' thou be Lion-like for Strength
 or Leviathan great ;
 Were all thy Joints and Sinews Brass,
 thy Life from thee I'll take.
 244 Here's a dead Warrant I receiv'd
 from an immortal King,
 That all must die ; and thou with them
 to Dust of Death I'll bring.
 245 An universal Pow'r I have
 o'er all the Sons of Men :
 That noble Person thou dost trust
 lay once into my Den. (ver. 104.)
 246 Tho' *Enos* and *Elias* were
 translated by their God,

Yet somewhat underwent like Death,
 in leaving this Abode.
 247 Where are the antient Patriarchs,
 and Scripture-saints of old ?
 Have not I them all gathered
 to this my gloomy Fold ?
 248 The best of Men, the worst of Slaves,
 I catch them ev'ry Day,
 Pound them to Powder ; all alike
 ly in my House of Clay.
 249 The Dust of Sinners and of Saints
 I mingle in my Urn ;
 Then who art thou, proud mortal Flesh,
 dost thus against me spurn ?

The Believer's Answer.

250 I am a Pilgrim here below
 thou dost so rudely treat ;
 Thy Territories must pass through
 to an eternal State.
 251 That noble Person, thou dost say,
 lay once into thy Den ;
 He is my Lord, I'll worship him ;
 he'll never me condemn.
 252 Thou thought to have devoured him ;
 by fixing of thy Sting
 In his Humanity : But, lo,
 this did thy Ruin bring.
 253 Thou pain'd his Body, fiercest Wrath
 on's Soul did heavy ly ;
 Th' united Forces of the Pit
 in haste did round him fly.
 254 He lookt on ev'ry Hand for Help,
 but none for him was found :
 When all his En'mies were combin'd,
 they him with Fetters bound.
 255 Then he with Vengeance cloth'd himself,
 Zeal as a Cloke put on ;
 His Arm Omnipotent brought forth
 a great Salvation.

256 When

- 256 When he was dying on the Cross,
 just giving up the Ghost,
 Ev'n then his Weakness stronger was
 than all the Devil's Host.
- 257 Death, what Triumphs did thou and Hell
 with hideous Noise make,
 When this most glorious Prince of Life
 with thee did Lodging take !
- 258 He chas'd thee to thy strongest Hold ;
 thy Triumphs soon did cease,
 When he broke all thy Prison-doors,
 thy Captives to release.
- 259 Thou durst not enter to the Heav'ns,
 to bring him here below :
 Not by Constraint, but willingly,
 he Death did undergo.
- 260 Nor was it thee with all thy Pow'r
 did him so strongly bind,
 But purest Love from's kindly Heart
 to perishing Mankind.
- 261 I did remember thee before
 thou wast a conquer'd Foe :
 Saints Debt was paid, thou, Jaylor Death,
 behov'd to let him go.
- 262 The Marks and Wounds of's bloody Death,
 by thee on's Body made,
 Prepar'd free Passage through thy Vale
 for all his Ransomed.
- 263 Thy first Approach did me present
 with Horror, Dread and Pain ;
 My God thee stopt till I receiv'd
 both Life and Strength again.
- 264 I almost fainted when I saw
 thy sour and sullen Face :
 But th' Angel of the Covenant
 reviv'd me by his Grace ;
- 265 The Keys of Death, and of the Grave,
 with him he took to Heav'n :

Thou hast no Pow'r of me at all
till it to thee be giv'n.

266 And very shortly, ghastly Death,
I shall this sweetly sing ;

O Death, where is thy Victory ?

O Grave, where is thy Sting ?

627 Thy shady Vale doth comfort me,
since, here with Sin oppress'd,

With Gladness I will pass it through
to my eternal Rest.

268 O skilful Boatman, do thou me
o'er *Jordan's* Streams convoy

From clunish Earth unto that Land
of pure Delight and Joy.

269 Come, friendly Death, take down this House,
by loosing ev'ry Pin ;

Then I for ever shall be cleans'd
from Leprosy of Sin.

270 Lay up my Dust into thy Urn,
I there shall rest in Hope :

With Cords of Love my Heart is knit
to Christ my surest Prop.

271 Insufferable Treatment Saints
do get from thee at best ;

But yet the worst that thou canst do
brings them to Beds of Rest.

272 Thou reignst with Pleasure, good and bad
throw'st flat upon the Ground ;

When Time is gone, there shall for thee
no further Use be found.

273 Thou Death, with Hell, shalt then be cast
into a burning Lake :

That Lord lay once into thy Den
an End of thee shall make.

The Devil's Challenge to a Believer.

274 I heard thy Conference with Death,
thy Boldness I will quell ;

All thou hast said is little else
than sitting thee for Hell,

- 275 I am a King, I'll let thee know,
that stronger is than Death ;
He is my Executioner
for stifling of thy Breath.
- 276 The airy Regions I possess,
this earthly Kingdom's mine :
My Rights and Titles I receiv'd
from One that is Divine,
- 277 Thour't mine by Nature, Truth itself
doth plainly testifie ;
If thou rebellious now become,
thou certainly must die.
- 278 While thou a loyal Subject wast,
none liv'd a better Life,
Free from all Care and Thoughtfulness,
from Trouble and from Strife.
- 279 My Treasures always thee supply'd
according to thy need,
My Servants did thy Errands run
with utmost Care and Speed.
- 280 Yet further, I my Right will prove,
which thou canst not deny ;
All my Commands thou didst obey,
and that most carefully.
- 281 'Thou never breath'd another Air
than what my Clime doth yield ;
I haunted thee through all thy Steps,
in City and in Field.
- 282 My Laws and Customs, they are great,
thou antient wilt them see ;
As Laws of *Medes* and *Persians*
unalterable be.
- 283 Scarce any other Kingdom's Laws
so firm, so long do stand ;
They suited to my Subjects are,
no Change they do demand.
- 284 My Sabbaths and my Festivals
delightful to them be ;
And what Devotions they perform
most pleasing are to me.
- 285 Tha

- 285 The sensual Objects of this Life
do all my People please ;
Nothing from them I do withhold
that contribute their Ease.
- 286 The High, the Low, the Rich, the Poor
me Adoration give ;
The Learned and the Ignorant
all by my Bounties live.
- 287 Each Day, each Night thy busy Mind
was, how thou mightst be great :
Return again, and I'll thee clothe
with earthly Pomp and State.
- 288 If thou refuse, thou art undone,
an End of thee I'll make,
With hellish Fury will thee thrust
down to my burning Lake.
- 289 That People worthless and despis'd,
that by themselves remain,
Thy Mind have chang'd ; thou'r't now possess'd
of a fanatick Brain.
- 290 Their King is holy, just and true ;
thou'r't Fugitive at best :
Impossible it is that thou
canst e'er come to their Rest.
- 291 His Laws are rigorous and sharp,
thou canst not them obey :
Take second Thoughts, before that thou
from us go quite away.
- 292 Beside, with thee it is too late,
thy Day of Grace is gone ;
The noble Season thou hast lost
of thy Salvation.
- 293 Tho, *Esau* like, thou seek with Tears,
Balaam like, to die
The Righteous Death desire ; yet he
will surely thee deny.
- 294 Search his Records, vile Apostates,
vast Numbers thou wilt find
Who in Disguise went to his Gates,
thrust back for me to bind.
- 295 Lo,

- 295 Lo, all the Marks and Characters
 an Apostate can have,
 Are lodg'd in thee: Impossible
 it is he can thee save.
- 296 His Way is hard, ill to be found,
 and few do in it stay:
 My Way is easy, Passengers
 do throng it ev'ry Day.
- 297 But, obstinate obdurate Wretch,
 no more with thee I'll deal;
 For neither Threats nor Promises
 with thee at all prevail.
- 298 Some Sparks of Brimstone from my Pit
 I'll in thy Conscience cast,
 As Foretastes of thy future State,
 where thou shalt be at last.

The Believer's Answer.

- 299 Thou subtile Sophister, stand back,
 be quickly from me gone;
 If in thy Pow'r, thou wouldst pull off
 JEHOVAH from his Throne.
- 300 Six thousand Years and more since thou
 didst in Rebellion rise:
 That dreadful Enterprize of thine
 did all the Heav'ns surprise.
- 301 But God omnipotent who reigns,
 who had thy Being giv'n,
 Eternally thee and thy Crew
 did banish out of Heav'n.
- 302 Thou, swell'd with Malice, turn'dst thy Hand
 didst our first Parents suit
 With subtile Snares, perswading them
 to eat forbidden Fruit.
- 303 Our promised Messiah when
 unto this World he came,
 His Death thou plottedst, with the Babes
 thou slew at *Bethlehem*.
- 304 From that Time forward to his Cross,
 thou always him withstood;

But,

- But herethe Victory obtain'd
 by his most precious Blood.
 305 Thou bruis'd his Heel upon the Cross,
 he bruis'd thy subtile Head,
 Knock't off thy Chains and Fetters by
 his Rising from the Dead.
 306 The Law and Justice quickly cry,
 The Ransomer that dy'd,
 With all his Ransomed, let go;
 we're fully satisfy'd.
 307 These Captives now delivered
 with us have Favour found;
 And shortly hence, thou Serpent vile,
 they'll tread thee to the Ground.
 308 That Lion strong of *Jedab's* Tribe
 did all thy Prisons shake,
 At his triumphant Chariot-Wheels
 he did thee Pris'ner make.
 309 Thou and the Grave could not detain
 the Man of God's Right-hand;
 Thee and thy Legions back to Chains,
 with Frowns, he did command.
 310 The Marks and Scars that Saints do bear
 for their immortal King,
 That's made by thee, will unto them
 immortal Glory bring.
 311 A worthless Bargain thou hast made
 by Luciferian Pride,
 To leave thy Station in the Heav'ns,
 in Hell for to abide.
 312 The weakest Saint would not exchange
 a Life of Faith and Love
 For all the Glories thou canst claim,
 far less his Life above.
 313 All thy Religion, and thy Laws,
 they hatched are in Hell;
 Thy Sabbaths and thy Festivals
 cast forth a nauseous-Smell.
 314 That People whom thou dost despise,
 he'll noble Princes make,

- Ev'n Kings and Priests with him above,
 where thou no Share canst take.
- 315 That Zion's King is just and true,
 Experience doth thee teach;
 His Law that's holy, unto thee
 most just Rewards will reach.
- 316 My Day of Grace stands firm and sure;
 thou Father of all Lies :
 Through Christ all thy Suggest'ons I
 with Hatred will despise.
- 317 Am I the Chief of Sinners? lo,
 my Lord came me to save;
 I'm his by Purchase, thou no Right
 to me at all canst have.
- 318 I'm surely his, and he is mine;
 my Heart he doth enlarge :
 'Tis finished, that Word of his
 doth fully clear my Charge.
- 319 Thy Threats and Promises with me
 both Weight alike do bear;
 The one I nothing do regard,
 nor yet the other fear.
- 320 When that thy Malice 'gainst the Saints
 with Time shall have an End,
 Not one of all the Ransomed
 shall to thy Pit descend.
- 321 Thy Riches, Honours, and thy Pomp,
 will all be set on Fire;
 Thy Subjects Lease of earthly Things
 will quickly then expire.
- 322 By him that's Judge of Heav'ns and Earth
 thou and thy Crew shall be
 Sentenc'd to Topbet's burning Flames
 through all Eternitie.

*The Believer's Triumph over Death
 and all other Enemies at his last*

*Moments, looking forward to the
Resurrection.*

Come, stingless Death, fold up this House of Clay
In dusty Bed until the Judgment-day.
Recall'd thee often, thou delay'dst to come ;
Now, now draw nigh, the Victory is won.
Thy palest Face doth no Disasters bring,
But sends me home to my immortal King.
At *Jordan's* Banks impatiently I stand,
Just on the Confines of *Emmanuel's* Land :
O kindly Friend, make all thy Channels dry,
Let me a Pilgrim to my Rest on high.
There fullest Floods come gushing from the Throne,
Where I shall swim. I'm ravisht with that One,
Whose lovely Face, whose Countenance Divine
With brightest Rays doth on the Ransom'd shine :
My late Conflict I had with Sin and Hell
Doth urge my Need of Christ's perfuming Smell.
Friend Death, I told thee, that thy first Approach
Deep Wounds into my trembling Heart did broach ;
Thy fierce Attacks, thy Torture and thy Pain
Oft made me fear I had done all in vain.
My Thoughts did then present a shady Vale,
Thou with great Horror did my Soul assail :
Mistakes caus'd needless ! the celestial Fire
From Mercy's Throne did all my Thoughts inspire
With sudden Views of great mysterious Things,
Made known to me by him that's King of Kings.
My bleeding Soul Christ skilfully did cure,
Made me with Gladness all Hardships endure,
Farewel for ever, sublunary Toys ;
I you exchange with everlasting Joys.
No more below my Harp shall hang on Willows,
No more I'm overwhelm'd with *Satan's* Billows ;
No more shall fiery Darts my Conscience tear,
No more shall trembling Heart have Dread or Fear ;
No more Need of Meat, of Drink, or Clothing ;
No more Afflictions, Faintings, or Heart-aching ;
My

My Winter's past, no Sorrows now remain;
 My Sky is clear, shall never cloud again,
 O *Satan*, Sin, and all my other Foes,
 Of your own Kind, to me were useful Woes;
 Drave me to Christ, while others liv'd in Sin:
 I now rejoice, their Sorrows now begin.
 My dear Relations, weep no more for me;
 Nay, rather come, and with me taste and see.
 O follow hard, no longer make Delay:
 I'll meet with you at Resurrection-Day;
 Then sweet Communion to you shall be, giv'n
 In full Perfection, when you come to Heav'n.
 Thou precious Faith, to Vision now art come;
 O Promises, Possession's now begun.
 O blessed Hope, brings Christ into my Arms!
 O matchless Love, fills all my Soul with Charms!
 I further long to see my lovely Lord
 On a white Throne, will Comfort me afford.
 I do imagine this, I hear him say,
 Arise, ye Dead, for now's the Judgment-Day.
 Now Death, and Seas, and vast capacious Hell,
 Give up their Dead: None have a lurking Cell,
 Where they can stay; the Mountains cannot save;
 Lo, all do rise from ev'ry secret Grave.
 That Day I long'd for, now to me is come;
 A compleat Happiness for ever is begun.
 My blessed Body, we are met, again,
 Shall never part while Heav'n of Heav'ns remain:
 Those Eyes that wept for Sin, they now shall see
 Christ Face to Face through all Eternitie:
 Those Ears once heard the Word of Life in Love,
 Shall Praises hear in Temple that's above:
 These Feet took me to Meetings of the Saints,
 Now take their Place where none complain of Wants:
 That Tongue confessed Christ, did him adore,
 In heav'nly Quires sings Praises evermore,
 Thou'lt fast no more, but ever thou shalt feast
 With precious Christ, ay, of his Sweetness taste:
 No Cloud shall dark that Countenance of thine,
 But as a Star in Firmament shall shine.

We Part did take in Sorrows to ly down;
 Come now, my Friend, let us go wear the Crown.
 My blessed Soul, thou art return'd, I see,
 For to renew thy antient Love with me:
 O blessed Meeting, never more to part!
 With purest Love now ravisht is my Heart.
 Now is our Mourning turned into Joy;
 Here's Light and Gladness, nought can us annoy:
 Perpetual Spring is in *Emmanuel's* Land;
 In highest Triumph we join Hand in Hand.
 O blessed Day I was unite to thee,
 Whose chiefest Care was Christ to dwell in me!
 In Pilgrimage there me in Aw thou kept,
 Took me in Secret, where for Sin I wept,
 While others of their Belly made a god;
 Now drag'd from Grave to Hell for their Abode:
 But I from Grave to Glory do arise,
 To take my Place in Heavenly Paradise.
 No more Complaints thou'lt have of weary Flesh,
 No need thou'lt have in Straits me to refresh;
 No more I'll clog thee in this pure Abode,
 I'll hold with thee in Praises of our God.
 All Things are new, old Things are done away;
 What we possess will never more decay.
 With Sun and Moon, all other Lights are gone;
 The Lamb's our Light, that sitteth on the Throne:
 The Tree of Life here all the Saints supply
 With pleasant Fruits through all Eternity.
 For ever here we'll see Christ's lovely Face,
 The brightest Beauty of this brightest Place.
 Our Gates are Pearls, and our Streets are Gold;
 Half of our Riches never yet was told.
Canaan's Language here we speak with Ease,
 No Hardship find our highest Lord to please.
 Degrees of Glory amongst the Ransom'd shine;
 With utmost Pleasure they do all combine,
 In diff'rent Ranks, redeeming Songs to sing
 In sweet Accents to their immortal King.

